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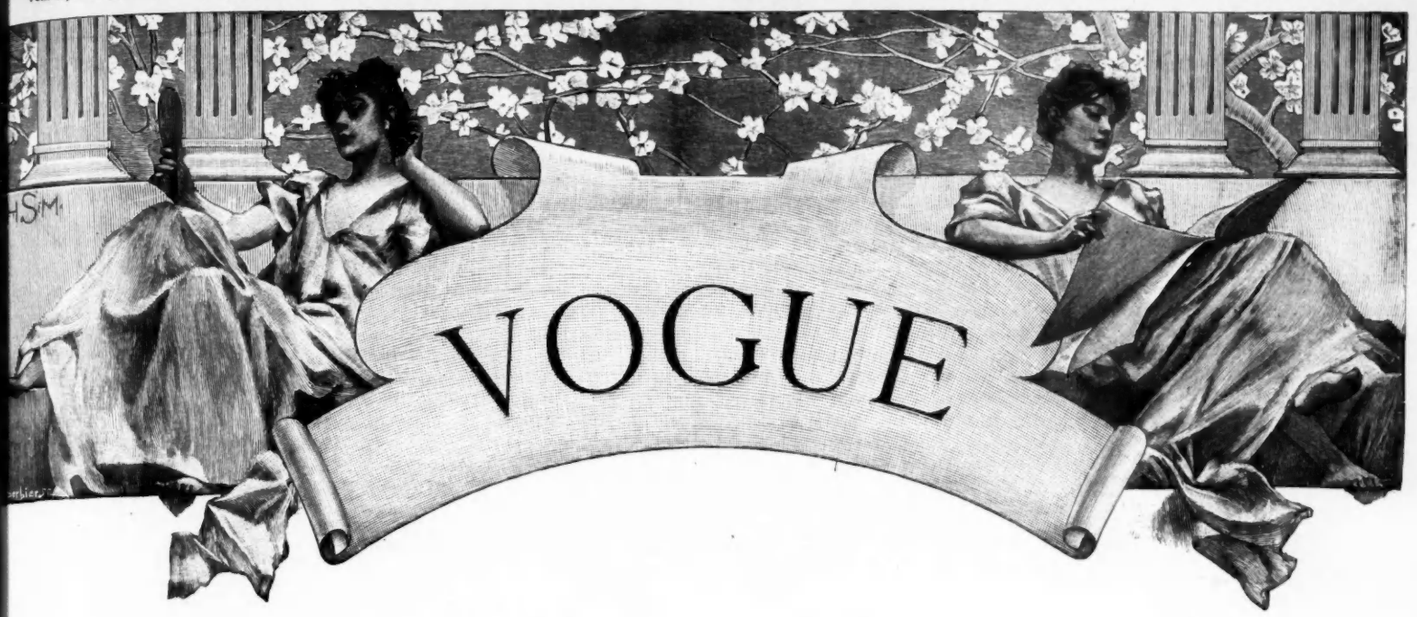

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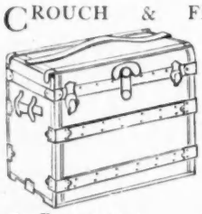

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VOLUME I NUMBER 19 APRIL 22, 1893

VOGUE

A PREFERABLE ALTERNATIVE

MAY: "Dear me! Ethel. If we want to catch a millionaire nowadays, we will have to go on the stage."
ETHEL: "Well, if my one experience from Central Park to Washington Square on one goes for anything, I prefer to die an old maid!"

POETICAL LICENSE

THey were chatting together one fair summer evening,
And touched on all topics from coffee to salad,
To dances and operas and favorite actors,
And lastly a new and anonymous ballad.

He was critical, young, and moreover, a poet,
Defects in the ballad, of course, he detected,
And laughed at the faults in the wording and rhyming;
But she warmly defended it, "Why 'tis expected.

"A few imperfections," she cried, "and most surely
Its errors 'poetical license' will cover."
He smilingly gazed on her sweet indignation.
(Have I mentioned that he was half friend and half lover?)

Then from her red lips snatched a kiss on a sudden,
And answered her frowning with, "I could but try, since
I simply need say, dear, to meet your objection,
'Twas really a merely 'poetical license.'"

Mabel T. J.

DOGS LIKE VEAL

CHAPPIE: "I started to call lawst night, but the dog bit into me so I had to go away."

ETHEL: "That's strange; he is usually very finicky about what he eats."

DANGEROUS

TOM: "How is it you don't call on Miss Fitz any more?"

JACK: "She recently bought her little brother a kodak."

NO CHOICE

UNCLE TOM (with a deep insight into child nature): "Which would you rather take, Elsie, medicine or a music lesson?"

ELSIE (with a deeper insight): "A whipping."

TOO BUSY TO EAT

"We can't stay at this hotel, Maria!" exclaimed Farmer Meddergrass, after reading the rules tacked to his room door.

"Why not, Nathan?"

"Why, they have dinner from 11 to 2. I kim to town on business, an' I can't afford to waste no three hours a day on dinner, to say nothin' 'bout breakfast an' supper. Gather up yer traps an' we'll go somewhere else."

MUSTN'T STOP THIS EPIDEMIC

"Poverty is a disease," howled the speaker.

"And yet," murmured the poor chap in the back of the hall, "we who are afflicted with it are arrested whenever we take anything for it!"

REASON ENOUGH

SHE: "How is it you were not at the De Goldcoyne's reception?"

HE: "I staid away on account of a personal matter."

SHE: "May I ask what it was?"

HE: "Will you promise to keep it a secret?"

SHE: "Yes."

HE: "Well they failed to send me an invitation."

A KENTUCKIAN EXPLANATION

SNOOPER: "Will you have some oysters, Colonel?"

COL. BLOOD (of Louisville): "Thanks, no. Oysters are 90 per cent. water, sir."

ATTENDING STRICTLY TO BUSINESS

TOTLING: "I hear that Snodgrass presented the proofs of his wife's death at the life insurance office even before he buried her."

DIMLING: "Did he give any explanation of such unheard-of haste?"

TOTLING: "He said it was his rule to attend to business before pleasure."

HARD TO BELIEVE

"Where have you been, sir?" she demanded as he came in late and rather dizzy.

"Down town, love," he answered with all the soberness of which he was capable, "to the—the re-union of—hem—of the Bi-Chloride of (hic) Gold Club."

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"I wonder Fan, my darling girl,
I wonder what on earth you're thinking!"

OF INTEREST TO HER

SUmmer plans and summer movements are coming largely to the front, and when Easter weddings and a few spring luncheons and dinners have received due attention all the world will be considering where the hot months are to be passed. "I can't afford a cottage at Newport or at Bar Harbor" said a pretty young married woman the other day, "and I have no ancestral acres on the Hudson, nor old-time manor house, nor mansion there. No, not even so much as a farm house, where the children could be left with tutors and governesses, while Jack and I took a trip to Chicago, skimmed over the Great Lakes on our way back, until we found ourselves in Canada, and then by some phenomenal combination of railway and steamboat, dropped down on the coast of Maine for ten days at Bar Harbor, just at the apex of the season. And later perhaps even take in a fortnight at Newport before we return to domesticity, and stagnation under our own vine and fig tree. All this would be quite heavenly and of so much benefit to poor Jack's overworked brain, and it could be done, I know, although it is so long since I gave up 'geography and the use of globes' that I cannot exactly define the route.

"However, the first thing is to find the vine and fig tree and get the family settled under it. It must be near town on Jack's account, as he will have to work hard when he gets back from our little outing, and it is quite necessary to have a bathing beach in the vicinity, as I have arranged with the tutor to teach the boys swimming this summer. Then I have a first-class cook, not quite a chef, but just as good, of the feminine gender, however. She will not go to the country unless she can have a dairy and a dairymaid, which means at least four cows and a butter maker. Then of course the boys must have their ponies and the little girls their donkey cart, which with the carriage horses and Jack's and my saddle horses, necessitate quite a stableful of grooms and helpers. A big lawn and lots of flowers are indispensable, and a good big house where we should all be quite comfortable, in a perfectly healthy locality, combining sea and mountain air as far as possible. You would hardly believe how difficult all this is to get, especially as Jack is most economically inclined, and won't pay a big rent. But I do think it's hard on me, to have to do all the running about, while Jack sits quietly in his office. I went all over Long Island last week, and I found the stables and the pasture land and the bathing beach, but as for the houses themselves,

convicts or laborers couldn't live in them. Why, I really think the whole kitchen furniture, in most of them, consisted of a coalscuttle and an old poker. There was nothing—absolutely nothing—that my maid or my cook would consent to use, and as for the beds—well, if the doctors insist upon sending my invalid baby to the seashore I shall take the biggest barn I can find, and send Herter down to make it habitable. In the meantime, I'm sure to have an attack of nervous prostration, and I wish it could be winter all the year, and summer plans never under discussion." And so it is with half the young wives and mothers in town who want all the luxuries and elegances of William K. Vanderbilt's marble palace at Newport for nothing to speak of in the way of money.

Between spring clothes and country homes for the summer, life is poisoned at the most delightful season of the year. Perhaps the stay-at-homes have the best of it after all, for have they not Del's and Manhattan Beach, and the daily papers and the newest books, and above all, the inexpressible comfort of going all day in peignoir and matinée with bang uncurled, and no one dropping in unexpectedly? And talking of books. I spent an hour or two very pleasantly on our first warm day, turning over the pages of a recently published volume of short stories, written by Henry Goelet McVickar, and entitled A Precious Trio. Short stories are the literary fad of this fin de siècle period, and Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis and Julien Gordon, have given us admirable ones. But Mr. McVickar's contributions to periodicals and magazines have not been numerous enough to bring him prominently before the world, and he appears therefore as a novice, in this, his first published volume. His plots and his characters are drawn from the field where his own life has been passed, and in which he has been for nearly twenty years, a silent and somewhat cynical observer. The world of society has been his world, and although his intellect has matured in foreign lands, and he has had the advantage of extended travel in Europe, yet he has wisely chosen to make his literary arena in the great world, and to present fashionable men and women of this age and country, as the dramatis personæ of his stories. And very life-like his women are, although no attempt is made to go beneath the surface in portraying them. But his characters are, perhaps, not yet his strongest point. The originality of his plots and the skill with which he unfolds them, with an under current of humor, sometimes rising into wit, which pervades them, make his stories eminently entertaining, and to be amusing, that eminent authority, Mr. F. Marion Crawford declares, should be the first aim of the novel writer. Mr. McVickar neither preaches nor instructs, nor does he appeal to the heart or the emotions, he simply tells the tale for which his own fertile imagination supplies the material in good terse English, without verbosity on one hand or curtness on the other. If the making of many books were a necessity Mr. McVickar has the stuff in him to become one of the best story tellers of the day, but as I understand that he writes only to pass away the idle hours, it is hardly likely that he will take the stand in literature, of which this, his first effort, gives such good promise. A new story by Julien Gordon means always a good sale for the periodical in which it appears, and a recent number of the Cosmopolitan contains one of the best that she has yet written. Mrs. Cruger is a thorough woman in one respect. She is governed by the impulse of the moment, and although her methods of thought are consistent, her imagination at one time runs riot in the region of passion and excitement, and at another is controlled by good and pure emotions. In Conquered, her latest story, she depicts the elderly loves of a couple, both past middle life, which in other hands would be almost ludicrously prosaic and uninteresting. But so delicately is the story told, so cleverly is the love unfolded, that tears fill the reader's eyes at its unhappy ending. Except in the Diary of a Diplomat, and in Vampires, Mrs. Cruger has done nothing so finished and artistic as her treatment of this unusual subject.

A BARO-METRIC IDYL

A gaily painted house of tin
Stands on my mantelpiece,
With two apartments, each of which
Is occupied on lease.
A maiden in a pretty frock,
Within the first doth dwell.
My other tenant is a man,
Who aiso dresses well.

Both little man and little maid
Live on the parlor floor,
And, to observe propriety,
Each has a private door.
But though some twenty times a day
They go to view the weather,
It never happens, rain or shine,
That they are seen together.

On rainy days the little man
Walks out and cocks his eye,
But not until the sun appears,
And everything is dry,
Adventures forth the little maid
To air her pretty frock—
A spectacle which acts on him,
Like an electric shock.

I sometimes think the little man
Would like to longer stay,
And maybe make a bashful bow
And compliment the day.
But just as she makes up her mind
That over is the rain,
He quickly turns upon his heel
And scuttles in again.

I sympathize
With each part.
I hate to think
Should be apart.
Believe me, I join
These lovers,
If I were not
My hat to

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And she, I'm sure, would not object
To have a friendly chat.
I've often seen her glance around—
There's no great harm in that.
She even thinks her pretty frock
Won't mind a drop or two,
But yet she never waits to hear
His timid "How d'ye do?"

While on a changeful April day
They're always sore in doubt,
And sometimes both are at the door,
Prepared to sally out.
But just the moment that one puts
A foot across the sill,
The other nervously withdraws
As though against the will.

It's very, very, very hard,
With life and love so sweet,
That two who might enjoy them both
Should never, never meet.
And yet with faithful duty done
No life in vain is spent,
Somewhere the treasure is repaid
And often cent for cent.

For when I see my little man,
Off goes my silken hat.
To wear it out and get it wet,
What could be worse than that?
But when my little maid appears,
All in her pretty gown,
I take my "topper" from the peg
And gaily start for town.

van Tassel Sutphen.

WHAT SHE WEARS

IF showiness and novelty were the to-be-desired characteristics of woman's dress, then the Easter display fulfilled every requirement. Fifth Avenue was like a kaleidoscope under that April sun, and unquestionably there were many tasteful costumes worn by handsome and modish women. Unfortunately there were but few of the great arbiters of fashion abroad on that occasion, and those who did appear were quietly dressed, very frequently in last year's clothes. Since then, however, there have been many openings by milliners and modistes, whose show-rooms have been thronged by those who paid the most exorbitant prices for gowns and wraps. No demur is made to $150 or $200 for a spring mantle, which although of silk or brocade and with a lining far more gorgeous than the garment itself, seems hardly to represent so large a sum. I saw at a new and now very fashionable place in Thirtieth Street, three costumes laid aside for the pretty Mrs. C. H., at $200 each, while the two daughters of ex-Senator Farwell, one of them a strikingly handsome woman, unhesitatingly selected gowns and wraps at prices that were quite startling to my limited intelligence. At one of the few afternoon teas which are rounding off the Easter season I saw Mrs. Jordan L. Mott in a spring costume which exactly fitted my ideas of the suitable and becoming. It was of gray cheviot, with a delicate colored check upon it, and it fitted most exquisitely the wearer's symmetrical figure. A tight-fitting coat with the ostrich feather trimming carried diagonally over the front, was a relief from the full capes and mantles which are becoming monotonous, and never were very pretty. A small gray bonnet, with gloves and card-case of the same shade completed this pretty costume, which was wonderfully chic, without being in the least showy. Quite different was the gown worn by the well-known beauty, Mrs. I. B. R., on the Avenue one day last week. The foundation was black cashmere or sicilienne, and the skirt, of the prevailing cut and fullness, was flounced nearly to the waist with apple-green silk, the broad shoulder trimmings or wings as they might be called, were also of apple-green, as were the deep cuffs, which met the huge black leg-o'-mutton sleeves. On her graceful head Mrs. R. wore a black straw hat with many feathers and aigrettes, and one of the new waterfall veils, which was of green gauze, pinned at the back of the head, its long ends falling over the hair. The effect of the whole was stunning, but on a less refined looking woman than Mrs. R. might have been called conspicuous.

Wonderful are the creations in blouse waists and in the under garment, which in 1830 was called a petticoat, afterwards a skirt, and now out of respect to the returning modes, is again a petticoat. That it should be white, spotless and washable, is no longer necessary, indeed it would be impossible in view of the painful peculiarities of New York streets, but the daintiness of the silks, satins and brocades, which peep out from under the gowns of well-dressed women is quite remarkable, and certainly belongs to this period of the world's history and to no other. At one time what was called the balayeuse, which was a collection of frills sewed under the hem of the dress, did duty for the dainty petticoat, but now the petticoats are made a study and are trimmed and frilled, and frilled and trimmed again. I have seen them in white satin for evening wear, and in pink, blue, and green brocade with frillings of lace and ribbon, and the darker ones for street and park, with alternate flounces of black and red, or blue and orange caught down here and there to give a variegated shell-like appearance, which was quite fascinating. The blouse waists are all cut with huge sleeves and wing-like appendages to the shoulders. This form of trimming, indeed, is universal, and whereas in olden times a woman was often spoken of as an angel without wings, in these days every women is an angel with wings.

VANITY FAIR

SOme delightful music was heard recently by a select few at the rooms of a well-known bachelor. The intervals between the numbers were well spent in looking about the pretty apartment, which is so nicely fitted up. In the drawing room the windows overlooking a park are curtained with a dull blue Indian tissue showing an embroidered border, across the bottom and up the front, of the lotus flower conventionally arranged in a continuous design, the blossoms worked in shades of yellows and orange, the leaves and stems in browns, reds and olives. The design is worked partly in solid embroidery, the effect being very attractive. The edges of the curtains are trimmed with a fringe of fluffy balls in rich silks, shaded from pale yellow to orange with touches of blue and red. Stained glass panels fill the upper part of the windows while the lower panes are veiled by transparent curtains of yellow Liberty silk. In each window is a divan covered with dull blue damask and made comfortable with soft cushions. Between the windows a huge yellow jar holds a growing palm. The walls are covered in a most ingenious way. Upon long slender poles placed just beneath the cornice are hangings of pale old blue Japanese silk suspended from the poles by loops of the same silk, and thus easily taken off for cleaning purposes. No fullness is allowed in these hangings, and they make an admirable background for the few good pictures which appear upon them. A great deep fire-place bordered by quaint old tiles was filled with daffodils and jonquils, and bouquets of these flowers in brown jars were placed upon the tables and the mantel.

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None of the chairs or sofas in the room are alike, but each one is a study, either as to carving, form or upholstering.

"Do you get paid for your jokes?"
"Oh, no; of course not! I write them for amusement."
"What! *your* jokes?"

In the room beyond the tea table was very attractive. The conventional candelabra, with shaded candles, were not to be seen, but in a bed of smilax sparkled many fairy lamps in the shape of lotus flowers in pink, pale blue, green, crimson and yellow. The chocolate urn and the tea kettle, the pâté-de-foie-gras sandwiches and the dainty cakes all found a place somewhere among these gem-like lamps, which appeared also all over the room. They peeped out of the dainty vines which draped the windows, they hung like sparkling gems to the branches of the lemon tree in the corner, they made a halo around the punch bowl, and they shed a soft and glowing light all about the room that was wonderfully pretty. The lady who assisted the bachelor in receiving wore a gown of lilac bengaline, trimmed with rows of graduated purple velvet as to the skirt, and big purple sleeves. A great bunch of white lilacs was fastened in her girdle. The music was of the highest order and greatly enjoyed.

WOULD SUIT HIM BETTER

GOODMAN (to his fiancée's little brother): "Wouldn't you like to subscribe for a good boys' paper?"

BOBBY: "Dunno. May be I would. But say, ain't there any papers for bad boys?"

POINTED FEMININITY

"I'm from West Virginia," a lady remarked, casually.

"West Virginia?" asked Miss Drestbeef, of Chicago; "why, where is West Virginia?"

"O, you must excuse me. Our State was not organized until 1863. Of course it wasn't on the maps when you studied geography."

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF A BOULEVARDIER

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES

IT was early in the autumn when Mrs. Montpelier Dwight and her two daughters, Genevieve and Lilly, came from Kansas City to settle in New York.

In Kansas City the Dwights were the best people. They ruled things fashionable and social there. They knew all the Society Editors and so their parties had always elaborate mention in the social columns, and the girls' dresses were always described with flowery choice of language. Indeed, Genevieve Dwight's first offer had been from the Society Editor of The Evening Bomerang, a Harvard graduate who had gone west to seek his fortune, and thought he had found it when he heard that Genevieve Dwight would have at least a million in her own right.

But Genevieve had higher ambitions. She and Lilly were the handsomest and richest girls in the state. They did not know just how high their ambitions were, but they vaguely realized that they were above Society Editors. When they were nineteen and twenty-one they decided that New York men were the pinnacle of their remote matrimonial aspirations and the purchase of New York clothes the goal of their fondest dreams. Acquainting their mamma with these facts, they

transported that handsome and accommodating lady to the city of illustrious spouses.

The first season was one of new impressions and bewildering joys. Genevieve and Lilly lived breathlessly in the exhilarating flurry and bustle which marks the life of the rich newcomer in Gotham. They had plenty of money and they spent it lavishly. They had no time for making friends, or bothering about collecting a circle, or worrying because they belonged to no "set."

They spent the whole of that delightful first winter buying clothes and putting them on and taking them off. By the opening of Lent you could not have told them from real New York girls, so diligently had they visited the best milliners and modistes. Perhaps they were a trifle more animated, more robust, than the elegant, languid daughters of the great metropolis. Through their thickly-spotted veils shone quick-glancing eyes brilliant with interest and curiosity, and healthy cheeks, from which they had long ago banished the pearly cosmetics so dear to the western maiden's heart, and which glowed with a rosy flush laid there by nature's own cunning hand. But their elegantly simple gowns, their tight, nipped-in waists, their free, sweeping gait, and the erect and haughty way in which they carried their pretty heads surmounted by pretty hats, were all things they had acquired since their arrival in the paradise of the good westerner.

Their evolution was brilliantly rapid. One summer at the fashionable watering places took the rough ends off their "r's," and made them cease alluding to their maternal parent as "Mar." Months before that they had given up wearing high-heeled shoes in the street, and it was not more than six weeks after their arrival that the large diamond earrings their mother had given them on their sixteenth birthdays ceased to lend splendor to their morning toilettes.

When they returned from the summer outing for the second winter in town, and put on their new French clothes, they looked like a pair of young princesses, who knew no more of the west than what may be gathered from a rapid transit through that territory in a Pullman car. They now could tell a newcomer a block away, and they alluded scornfully to their salad days when they had worn diamond earrings and liked chocolate éclairs.

They had also raised their matrimonial ambitions above a good-looking New York man—unless he was a Knickerbocker or a millionaire. Genevieve and Lilly had found out during a summer crowded with awakening experiences and well-dressed acquaintances, that the good-looking New York man, with a wide sailor hat, eyeglasses, and neatly creased, white duck trousers, is a thing that a wealthy western maiden can buy quite cheaply.

And this was still more forced in upon their understandings after their second winter in New York, when the Misses Dwight began to know people and "go out." Many summer acquaintances who had gorgeous clothes, gorgeous equipages, and gorgeous houses, to which to invite their very few but very gorgeous friends, sought the society of the Misses Dwight very assiduously. The Misses Dwight drank deep of social joys, and went from party to party, marvelously gowned, and plenteously bejeweled.

In the course of this season the Misses Dwight found that the New York man, brushed and groomed, and barbered as no western man ever was since Daniel Boone first went out to Kentucky, was as desirous of allying himself with the western maid as even the Society Editor of the Kansas City Evening Boomerang had been. So it was—the easiness of the conquest breeding gentle contempt for the conquered—that the Misses Dwight directed their matrimonial ambitions toward the effete monarchies, and, in the spring, having between them refused five penniless but beautifully dressed New York detrimentals, they set sail for the thickly titled shores of Europe.

The first days in England were just like the first days in New York. There was so much that was new to see, that the Dwights forgot there were such things as coroneted nobles and belted knights. Genevieve and Lilly bought tailor-made dresses, mackintoshes, umbrellas, dressing cases, traveling bags, and silk stockings, all of which they found singularly cheap, but no lords or dukes. In fact, they did not even see any of these latter commodities, which was just as well, as they held themselves at a figure which even Mrs. Montpelier Dwight, with all her western generosity, would have felt was exorbitant.

It was beneath the azure skies of Italy that the Misses Dwight finally did meet the noble game they had come to stalk. Two Italian Princes, brothers, very small and dark, were presented to the two American heiresses, and proceeded, with Italian fervor, and without unnecessary delays, to fall at their feet. The Misses Dwight now felt glad that they had not been arrested on their way to Italy by meeting earls and dukes in England. The Princes were smiled upon. It was not a case of two souls with but a single thought, but of four. These Princes were not handsome, and they only spoke broken English, but they were Princes. Beyond them was nothing but the crowned heads. So intoxicated did Lilly Dwight become with her triumphal progress that she half thought of refusing her Prince and holding herself in reserve for some stray king, a regal species, which, she inferred from her miscellaneous readings, was quite common in Europe.

The Princes followed the heiresses throughout Europe and found it extremely expensive. Mrs. Montpelier Dwight thought the way they roomed in cheap hotels and traveled second class on the

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trains showed a very nice, unostentatious spirit. They were evidently men of simple tastes and frugal habits, good husbands for wealthy young women. When she thought of the announcement of the double engagement in the Kansas City Evening Boomerang her heart swelled high with maternal pride.

Toward the close of the journey both Princes proposed—Prince Leo, in Paris, to Lilly, Prince Pietro, in London, to Genevieve. Both were accepted, both submitted to a maternal salute on the forehead from Mrs. Montpelier Dwight. In their rooms, the evening after the second betrothal, the girls talked over the affair, and the gentle Genevieve, a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, wept. Lilly, who was brushing her hair at the swinging mirror, was not given to indulging in lachrymose demonstrations, unless moved by anger or disappointment. With a curiously amused glance at her sister, she attempted to banish her tears by remarking cheerfully—"I don't see why you cry. Yours isn't half as much like an Italian organ grinder as mine."

When it came to sailing home the Princes sailed too, so difficult did they find it to tear themselves away from the beloved objects. Genevieve's Prince told her he would go into business for her dear sake. To be near his adored one he would bow his crested head and tame his heart of fire, and go into an office—yea, into trade! He would soil his princely hands doing figuring work at an execrable desk for the sake of Genevieve the beautiful. Genevieve meditatively said she thought her uncle, who had a large pork-packing establishment in Kansas City, would give him a position. The Prince for a moment looked surprised and bit his lips in silence. Then he said, with what appeared to Genevieve a somewhat unnecessary violence of comparisons, he would go to Gehenna for his belissima.

Never were Princes more assiduously devoted. Arrived in New York they daily made pilgrimages from the strangely situated hotel where they had chosen to deposit themselves, to the fashionable hostelry on Fifth Avenue, where the Dwights lived luxuriously in a fine suite.

The Princes, when they saw the suite and the Misses Dwight in the dazzling glory of their grand, new Paris clothes, were rapturously attentive. Now and then, when the girls turned to address their mother, the Princes exchanged rapier-like glances, from their jetty Italian eyes, and when they walked on the Avenue with their fiancées they noted that no young women were handsomer or better dressed than the prospective princesses. Clearly Pietro and Leo were about to ally themselves to members of America's loftiest aristocracy.

But now the time for the weddings draws on, and on one fateful day Mrs. Montpelier Dwight convened a meeting of her two future sons-in-law. Settlements were to be drawn up. Mrs. Montpelier Dwight who was a mother first, but a business woman second, was ready to give her orders to the Princes. Mrs. Montpelier Dwight had her orders and her wishes for her daughters' futures all neatly cut and dried. A western woman, who had been a millionaire's widow for over fifteen years, is apt to have her own ideas about the settlements and incomes of her daughters.

The exact conversation that took place at this interview has never been made public. It is enough to say that if the Princes had been pauperized English dukes they could not have held themselves at a higher figure. Long afterward Mrs. Montpelier Dwight was prone to expatiate on the superior quality of Italian impudence. Some say half a million apiece was the price they demanded, paid down on the wedding day. Without this dot, Pietro and Leo were sorry—indeed, their princely hearts were torn—but they really could not afford to make princesses of the Misses Dwight of Kansas City.

Then Mrs. Montpelier Dwight, the business-like and the fondly maternal, said many things to the Princes, the fine points of which, owing to their insufficient knowledge of the English tongue, were lost on the two brothers—a loss, one may add, that they need not regret. When she concluded, the Princes, walking backward, and murmuring suave words, bowed themselves from her presence, the dignified courtliness of their withdrawal being, however, decidedly, impaired by its frank and open precipitation.

Palpitating from this interview Mrs. Montpelier Dwight burst open the door of the sitting-room wherein her two daughters sat making out a list of people to bid to the weddings. In the intensity of the moment Mrs. Montpelier Dwight was sufficiently incautious as to fling the news of the defection of the suitors at her two silent daughters with neither preparation nor preamble. The girls sat motionless, their hands dropped to their laps, staring at her with wide eyes.

A few burning sentences told all. Lilly grew suddenly red to where her deeply-rippled blonde hair was parted on her low forehead, and rising from her chair walked to the centre table, gave her head a toss like a young horse, and said quickly with a faint relapse into the vernacular of Kansas City, "Well, I never thought I'd be jilted by an Eyetalian Dago;" then she gave a short laugh and added, "but I'm glad I am!"

But the tender-hearted Genevieve fell like a shot bird into the down pillows on the sofa and wept turbulently.

And yet Mrs. Montpelier Dwight never found out which of her daughters felt the defection of the Princes most, or indeed if either of them—putting the stings of wounded pride out of the questions—felt it at all. So hard to read is the heart of a maid.

Geraldine Bonner.

Shakespeare
"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON
MAKE,
"NOR IRON BARS A CAGE."

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THE GILLISS PRESS NEW YORK

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

APRIL 22, 1893

SOCIETY

IF the proverb "Happy the bride on whom the sun shines" be true, then the brides of the last few days can rest assured of a happy life; for even on Saturday, when the elements seemed to have conspired for a regular flood, at noon the clouds broke and sunshine greeted the two brides, Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer and Mrs. Hamilton Louis Hoppin, as they left the church. And Miss Bradley-Martin had a remarkably fine spring day, with a cloudless sky; the weather prophet apparently felt obliged to follow the fashion and contribute what he could to the brilliancy of this much-talked-of International Episode.

The Lorillard-Tailer wedding was celebrated at twelve o'clock at Calvary Church, which gave time for some of the guests (among them Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon) to be present at the ceremony and then to drive to Ascension Church where, at half-past twelve, the Cowdin-Hoppin marriage took place. Although the invitations to the first-named wedding were limited in number, a great many people were present, and Calvary Church was well filled. It is not an attractive place for a wedding, and even the bright spring costumes failed to make the scene a brilliant one until the arrival of the bridal party.

The bride herself was generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful New York has seen for many a year. Her mother, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, in her white gown, looked more like an elder sister. She has always been and is still a very handsome woman, and as she dresses in exquisite taste, she does not look nearly old enough to be the mother of her children. The bride's father, who has been south for some months, was not able to be present, therefore her brother, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., gave the bride away. The groom was attired in the very latest fashion, and fully realized what an envied young man he was. Among the many pretty women in the church Mrs. Duncan Elliott, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., Miss Cora Randolph, Mrs. Harry Cannon, Miss Otis and Mrs. John Jacob Astor were particularly noticeable. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was given by Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, at which were present, among others, Mr. and Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, Mr. Thomas Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. George B de Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Jules de Neufville, Mrs. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tailer and Mr. Peter Marié.

Ascension Church was filled to overflowing at half-past twelve on Saturday by the many friends and relatives of the Cowdin-Hoppin connection. The bride looked very pretty in her simple but handsome gown of white satin with the conventional veil, orange flowers and diamond ornaments. The bridesmaids, Miss Malvina Appleton, Miss Katherine Lincoln, Miss Sallie Duncan Elliott, Miss Louise Shelton, and Miss Esther Morris Hunt, were prettily gowned in pink and white and wore big white hats trimmed with pink feathers. The ushers, instead of walking down the aisle in front of the wedding party, met the bride and bridesmaids at the chancel—a new departure which was a decided improvement, for the solemn procession of the ushers has invariably detracted from much of the brilliancy of weddings. Old New York was well represented at this wedding, Roosevelts, Winthrops, Hunts, Howlands and Lamberts being present in considerable numbers.

Spring engagements are almost as numerous as spring weddings, which would prove, after all, that the season of '93 has been very successful. Mr. Augustus Whiting has set the minds of his many friends at rest and quieted their curiosity by announcing his engagement to Miss Mae Allen G. Claggett, of Washington. Mr. Whiting has been a widower for some years and has been deemed a very eligible parti. One of his sisters married only a short time ago Mr. John H. Davis, and another sister is married to Mr. George L. Rives. Miss Edith Draper, a daughter of the late Mr. John H. Draper, has announced her engagement to Mr. Vaughn Clark of St. Louis. Miss Draper's sister is the wife of Dr. May of Washington, and a sister-in-law of Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Carrie Wright. Mr. Grenville Snelling and Miss Margaret Anthon are also among those who are receiving congratulations, while everybody is talking about the engagement of Miss Amy Bend, the well known beauty and eldest daughter of Mr. George H. Bend, to Mr. A. Lanfear Norrie. As Mr. Norrie's income is said to be between $65,000 and $75,000 a year from a mine in Marquette, Michigan, there will be no long waiting for papas to agree as to settlements, and the marriage will, it is said, be celebrated next month.

Next week New York is to have another great exhibition and parade. One woman says she thinks that she must be Rider Haggard's "She," as she has witnessed no less than five centennial celebrations and has not as yet a single gray hair. Mrs. Edwin Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, has invited a number of guests to a luncheon at her beautiful place at Castle Point, Hoboken, on the day of the Naval parade. These fortunate people will have a most magnificent view, as the house stands on a bluff which commands a sweep not only of the river but the bay. Mrs. Stevens also gave a reception last Monday, and will give another the day after to-morrow. These spring receptions of hers are always well attended, for the trip over the river is rather good fun and the Stevens mansion is renowned for its hospitality.

The long-looked-forward-to, much-talked-of Bradley-Martin-Craven wedding went off as well as any one could wish in spite of the tremendous crowd on the street, the arrangements for seating invited guests being singularly good. The decorations of the church were marvelously beautiful, the entire chancel being filled with palms, growing lilies and plants of every description. The middle aisle, which was reserved for the guests and relatives invited to the reception as well as ceremony, was like a long lane of flowers. Every pew had a huge bouquet of Easter lilies and hydrangeas tied with broad white satin ribbon. The bride entered the church with her father in advance of the bridesmaids, the Earl of Craven and his brother meeting the wedding party at the chancel. The bride's gown—which, by the way, gave no evidence of previous wear—was of heavy white satin, cut high in the throat and was entirely covered by her lace veil and flounces. The groom wore a black frock coat with four-in-hand tie. His best man wore an entire suit of gray, made also with frock coat. The bridesmaids' costumes were of white, with enormous white straw Gainsborough hats faced with light blue and trimmed with cockades and long Prince of Wales plumes of white. Mrs. Bradley-Martin looked extremely handsome in a pale blue gown trimmed profusely with white lace and a tiny bonnet to match the costume. The church was brilliant with men and women in their smartest spring clothes. Mrs. Benjamin C. Porter had a gown of old rose bengaline trimmed with gold bands and a jet bonnet arranged as a coronet. The reception was held at the Martin residence, 20 West Twentieth Street. To give the names of the guests would be merely a repetition of the Society list. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Hooker Hamersley, Miss Livingston, Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. Julien Davies, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Rutherford, the Misses Kean, Mr. and Mrs. Hadden.

THE CRAVEN LINEAGE

THE Earldom of Craven was originally conferred in 1626, but lapsed in 1690, with the death of Sir Anthony Craven, who died without issue. It was revived in June, 1801. The Barony, however, has existed since 1665.

In the Peerage the family is traced back to one John Craven, of Appletree Wick, Craven, Yorkshire, in the time of Henry VII. His son, William Craven, had three sons, two of whom may be said to be the founders of the present family:

I.—Henry, who had one son, Robert Craven, born 1574, died 1659, leaving issue three sons:

1. Henry, who died unmarried.
2. Sir William Craven, of Lenchwick, Worcestershire, who left no male heirs.
3. Sir Thomas Craven, of Appletree Wick, born 1611, died 1682, leaving three daughters and one son, Sir William Craven, born 1638, died 1695, who left five daughters and eight sons. Of these were:

1. William, second Lord Craven.

2. John, born 1673, father of William, the fifth Lord Craven and John, whose son William was the sixth Lord Craven.
3. Charles, who was Governor of North Carolina in the reign of Queen Anne and died in 1754.

II.—Anthony, of whom no particulars are given.

III.—Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London, 1611, whose children were:

William, the first Lord Craven.
John, Lord Craven of Ryton, who died without issue.
Thomas, who died unmarried.
Mary, married to Lord Coventry.
Elizabeth, married to Lord Powis.

William distinguished himself as a military officer in foreign service, and was knighted on his return to England, in 1626, and eight days later was elevated to the peerage as Baron Craven of Hamstead Marshall, Berkshire, and Earl of Craven of Yorkshire, in 1663. He had the reversion of those honors made, with that of the original Barony renewed, to his cousins, Sir William Craven, Knight, and his brother, Sir Anthony Craven, Knight, successively, and their male descendants. Sir William dying without a male heir, the Earl obtained by letters patent, in 1665, an extension of the limitation of the original Barony of Craven to Sir Thomas Craven, Knight, the next brother of the deceased Sir William Craven. His lordship died unmarried, Sir Anthony without issue and the Earldom and Viscounty expired. But the Barony of Craven devolved, according to the limitation, upon the grandson of Thomas Craven, William Craven of Combe Abbey, as the second Baron (oldest son of Sir William Craven), who died in 1711, leaving William, third Baron, who died without issue in 1739.

The Barony then devolved on his brother, Fulwar, who, dying unmarried in 1764, was succeeded by his cousin William, as fifth Baron. He died without issue and was succeeded by William, son of John Craven and Mary Hicks, and grandson of John Craven, who was born in 1673. This sixth Baron died in 1791. He had espoused Elizabeth, daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley. His son, the seventh Baron, was born in 1770, was created Viscount Uffington in 1801, and Earl of Craven in 1807.

In the year of the creation of the Earldom he married Louisa Brunton, the celebrated actress, who was born in Norwich.

The first Earl was succeeded by his son William, born July 18, 1809, who was married in 1835 to Emily Grunston, second daughter of the first Earl of Verulam, by whom he had issue:

1. William Augustus Frederick, Viscount Uffington, born 1838, died 1865.
2. George Grunston, born March 16, 1841.
3. Osbert William, born 1848.
4. Robert Walter.

George Grunston Craven succeeded to the title and estates; was High Steward of Newberry; deputy Lieutenant for Warwick, and was married in 1867 to Evelyn Laura, second daughter of Viscount Barrington. Their children were:

1. Mary Beatrix, born in 1867, died in 1881.
2. William George Robert Craven, Viscount Uffington, born December 16, 1868.
3. Rupert Cecil, born June 7, 1870, of the Third Battalion Royal Berkshires, and late of the Royal Navy.
4. Charles Frederick, born and died in 1873.
5. Helen Emily, born December 13, 1874.
6. Charles Eric, born February 6, 1879.

The present is the fourth Earl, and is also Viscount Uffington to the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Craven of Hamstead Marshall in the County of Berkshire. He is a Captain in the Berkshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and Aid-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His seats are at Combe Abbey, Coventry, Hamstead Marshall and Ashdown Park, Lambourn, Berkshire.

The Craven Coat-of-Arms, reproduced in the front page of this issue, consists of:

Arms—Arg., a fesse between six cross-crosslets fitchée gu.

Crest—On a chapeau gu., turned up erm., a griffin, statant wings elevated, erm., beaked and fore-membered or.

Supporters—Two griffins, wings elevated erm., beaked and fore-membered or.

Motto—Virtus in actione consistit.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

NEver have jewels played such a prominent rôle as they do now in ladies' attire. They are worn in profusion at night, and are not even relinquished, as in years gone by, for afternoon receptions. Turquoises are in great demand, for, although they are at best but second-class gems, and not to be ranked with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires or pearls, yet they are the jewel par excellence for blondes, and, moreover, they are the fashion just now, a fact which answers satisfactorily every possible question in the matter. All sorts of superstitions have gathered from time immemorial about the turquoise, and it is considered as a kind of mystical stone endowed with a life of its own and possessing the power of showing, for instance, the state of health and of mind of the absent beloved. An old Persian, whom I met years ago during my wanderings through the Orient, told me that when the brilliant blue of the turquoises becomes dull and green this phenomenon means that the being dearest to us on earth is about to be visited by the grim spectre of disease. When the green, however, predominates, and has completely obliterated the blue, hope has fled, and the dear one is doomed. Ever since that day I have strictly and severely banished turquoises from my collection of jewels, for heaven knows that it is not pleasant to be continually watching the changes of countenance, or, rather, complexion of the gem on one's finger, in mortal fear of seeing it suddenly turn color, and thereby prophecy that sorrow is spreading its sable wings above one's head. In justice to the turquoise, I may add that it is supposed to relieve headaches, to reconcile lovers, to appease hatreds and to protect the wearer from contagious diseases; but all this does not make me love any better these shifting, unstable, velvety orbs, which look pretty enough when surrounded with diamonds, but which, nevertheless, fill me with a nameless dread that they should prognosticate evil to those whom I love. Give me plenty of big sapphires, I say, and also rubies, emeralds and as many diamonds as possible, and I am perfectly ready to abandon to strong-minded people turquoises, pearls, and especially the ominous opal, which I hold in absolute horror. The last gift of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico to his ill-fated consort was a necklace of opals, and strangely enough, Napoleon III presented Eugenie with a splendid parure of these same "mountains of light," as the Hungarians call them, a month before the war of 1870-71 was declared. The ancients may have prized the opal higher than they did the diamond, but that in no way diminishes my terror as far as the opals are concerned.

Many years ago coral went out of fashion, but now very pale pink coral set with diamonds is quite the rage, and I was very glad to find among my holiday presents a parure of pale pink coral and brilliants, including a small, crown-shaped tiara, a "carcan" collar and a pair of lovely ear-rings. "Tout casse, tout passe, tout lasse," says the French proverb with great truth, and jewels, like everything else, have to follow the ukases of the great autocrat called La Mode. The last vagary of the tyrant is to bring once more to the front the long despised amber, this half-miraculous production which has electrical properties, and which one grand old philosopher held to be a living thing! It is now intermingled with pearls and sometimes with diamonds, made into very long necklaces, and I must confess that it looks very beautiful.

Musical dinners are the thing here at this moment. A few days ago Prince Ruspoli gave one which might be termed, in all conscience, a gastro-musical feast. This sort of entertainment had of late years been abandoned, but many among us still remember the "diners en musique" given at la Gaudiniere by the Duc de Doudeauville, and during which an orchestra, conducted by the maestro Vicini in person, played entrancing melodies. This delightful fantaisie used to cost the Duke the modest sum of 3,000 francs for music alone, on each occasion. But what of that! The La Rochefoucaulds have always loved to do things well, and can afford it, too.

Money, money, always money! Just as in the old English song, the "vile metal" is daily becoming more necessary to the satisfaction of our so-called wants. Grandes dames and actresses, young and old, aristocrats and bourgeoises, vie alike to outshine their neighbor and the result is that gold flows like water, whatever its source may be, and that trade is looking up wonderfully in spite of what may be said to the contrary by misanthropes, who know not what they are talking about! To give an idea of the extravagance of this fin de siècle period of ours, I may reveal here, under the seal of secrecy of course, a conversation I held yesterday with one of the most prominent of Parisian modistes. I had picked up from the table in her salon d'essayage, an astounding night-robe made of rose-leaf crêpe de chine, profusely adorned with marvelous point de Flandres, and was admiring this chef d'œuvre when the modiste in question exclaimed "Ah! Madame la Comtesse, this is for Mlle. M. (naming a young actress who is a great favorite with the public here). "There is a customer!" continued the loquacious lady rapturously; "nothing is good enough for her. Now this night-gown costs 1,000 francs, and she has ordered a dozen. Look! I will show you the stockings which I have had made especially for her," and without further ado she drew towards me a box of sky-blue moiré containing six pairs of white, and six pairs of black silk hose with insertions of magnificent antique lace, saying as she did so,

SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY

"There! these are worth 500 francs a pair, and she has purchased here to the extent of 125,000 francs worth of dresses, lace and lingerie since the beginning of the year!" I gazed with befitting respect on the costly hose and found not a word to reply, for to my knowledge even Queens and Empresses do not go quite that pace yet, and the haute finance has until now had the monopoly of these bewilderingly magnificent trousseaux which are the delight of the society reporter, but which women of refinement do not think very well of.

The opening day of the exhibition was a most fashionable event, and gave our élégantes an excellent excuse for bringing to light the very newest and daintiest of spring fashions. The Duchesse de Maillé wore on this occasion a small capote covered with misletoe, the berries being represented by gigantic pearls and the leaves by emeralds, which attracted much notice, so close to nature was this costly imitation of Christmas "blossoms." By the bye, the ultra-chic decoration of bonnets and of hats this spring will be the so-called harlequin posy, composed of a handful of flowers of all sorts tied together in tight little bunches. Mme. Virot showed me yesterday a large basket shaped rush hat, the crown of which was encircled with a garland composed of lavender auriculas, pale pink heather, azure forget-me-nots, golden mimosa and snowy narcissus. I cannot say that I admire this flowery salad very much, and yet the hat was eminently chic. A truly horrible combination, however, are the various shades of petunia, which are now the rage for millinery. Nothing can give an idea of the peculiar hideousness displayed in a very large hat worn by one of the fairest members of the Spanish colony here at a matinée, a few days ago. The straw was pale petunia, lined with dark petunia velvet, and, horror of horrors! a garland of reddish petunia violets intermingled with blueish petunia ospreys, covered the brim. It seems to me as if all the terrible aniline shades that run between dainty lilac and sombre violet comprise the all-pervading and so fashionable color known as petunia. The petunia in itself is by no means an artistic flower and is not even pretty when seen in flower beds. In millinery, moreover, it crushes the prettiest complexion and accentuates every defect of sallowness or floridness.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

STUDIO RECEPTIONS—GEORGE H. BOUGHTON—THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN LORD ROSEBERY AND H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—INTEREST IN THE WILL OF MR. ABINGTON BAIRD

THis is the week of private picture shows, anticipatory of the great art function of the year, the Royal Academy Exhibition, which opens the first Monday in May.

On Palm Sunday all the lesser London studios, whose owners cannot claim as yet the magical little letters, R. A., or A. R. A., tacked on to their names, threw open wide their doors to friends, critics, patrons and possible benefactors, their women-kind doing the honors of tea and cakes served in wonderful past century cups, supplemented by old Georgian plate bearing the seal of heredity in the very shape of the teapot, and the twist of the sugar basin handles! To the great "forty," and the lesser associates an extra fortnight's grace is given.

I so often marvel how it is that even the least well known, and least appreciated of artists always manage to be faultless in their ménages, and always seem to have more than a sufficiency of this world's goods, and not to care apparently whether their creations take on or not—are sold or remain unappropriated. It's one of the secrets of the trade, and one of the ironies of to-day. To seem to be what one is not; and to pose for what one wishes to be, not what one really is!

Certainly of all the delightful artistic abodes of luxury that of Mr. George H. Boughton, A. R. A., in Campden Hill Road—West House, it is called—is one of the most deservedly popular. Mr. Boughton and his clever, charming little wife are personæ grata in society. They go everywhere and are the most genial and hospitable of Anglo-American Londoners. I use this term advisedly, for Mr. Boughton is the best fought over man I know, as to his nationality. America claims him by right of adoption; England is equally insistent by virtue of birth, and London by right of residence. As a matter of fact, his people are English by descent, though he, as a tiny baby, was taken by his father and mother to the States, and there brought up, receiving the usual education of forty-odd years ago, at the old Albany "Academy"—the prototype of the High School of to-day. Even as a small schoolboy Mr. Boughton displayed the bent of his mind. He has often told me how, as he went and came from that temple of learning, he made various unnecessary détours in order to pass all the picture shops possible, into the windows of which he gazed with hungry eyes and happy conceiving brain; even the railway book-stalls and petty newspaper vendors were sources of unalloyed joy to him. The outcome of all of which were numerous strong, if crude, charcoal sketches, done anyhow and anywhere, but with all the ardor of youth and the prescience of dawning genius in their rude outlines and imperfect results.

Then came the young artist's opportunity and he was quick to grasp it. Mr. William Hoppin of Providence was one of the first to recognize young Boughton's talent, and it was owing greatly to his advice and encouragement that the almost boy-artist "took his courage in both hands," and leaving home and people went to Paris and enrolled himself a student of the then much reprobated "French school." Mr. Hoppin was his first patron, and during his long sojourn in London as First Secretary to the U. S. Legation, used to speak with pride of the little canvas for which he gave £25, to the then unknown enthusiastic artist, now an associate of the Royal Academy.

The late Mr. Hugh Hastings of New York—whose youngest daughter, the pretty and popular Miss Katharine Hastings, married some six or eight years ago Mr. Richard Woodward, and whose charming home at Brentwood, Essex, is always open to her old American friends—was also the possessor of one of Mr. Boughton's early jeu d'esprits.

Mr. Boughton's principal exhibit at this season's Royal Academy is called The Martyr's Well. We here know and love him best in his New England ideals; his Rose Standish, his Priscilla, his Hester Prynne, his Peter Stuyvesant, and we also acknowledge his power in his Dutch depictions, which, curiously enough, are always strongly akin to his Colonial subjects. It is due to his early training, no doubt, and the association of Flemish surroundings, Albany being essentially environed by old Dutch traditions. The Martyr's Well depicts a legend of old Brittany, and is a decided departure from Mr. Boughton's usual métier. It is, however, full of implied poetry, and tells its story eloquently, as do all his ideal subjects, and it is rendered in his best and happiest manner. Rumor says an American art collector has already marked it for his own. Besides this purely imaginative canvas, Mr. Boughton sends a portrait or two to the Academy, and to the New Gallery two subject pictures. Mrs. Boughton's four At Homes, the last of which came off to-day, have been quite bright exceptions to a very deadly alive spring season.

Speaking of matters artistic, I know no studio-salon more popular than Mr. Frank Holmann Black's in the Avenue de Bréteuil, Paris. It is an ideal bachelor home, and an ideal bachelor life that these two gifted Americans carry on together, both brothers being first favorites with all the leading members of the French-American circle. Mr. Charles Holmann Black's beautiful voice has already won him an enviable place among the younger musicians of the day, and without his assistance no smart "at home" in Paris is ever quite successful. At a large musicale given the other evening by Mrs. Mackenzie, who as Madame Dietz, was Court pianiste to the Queen some fifteen years ago, he sang Mr. Orton Bradley's beautiful setting of Longfellow's poem, The Arrow and the Song, with marked feeling and success, and as an encore a charming little sixteenth century chansonette, both of which are dedicated to Mr. Black, and are to be published for the first time this spring by a leading French house. In London last season he was equally successful, and we are all delighted to welcome him back here again in May, when he comes to fulfill several brilliant engagements.

His brother, Mr. Frank Holmann Black, is a water colorist of the New School. La Melodie, his first Salon picture, is now in New York, in the collection of one of your best-known art lovers and connoisseurs; while the first picture he ever exhibited, his Rose of the Harem, was bought off the walls on Private View day at the Continental Gallery, Pall Mall, where he sent it for exhibition more to please one or two friends who waxed enthusiastic over it, than for any other reason. His last Salon picture, A Study of Clytie, has already been shipped for Chicago, where it will be one of the exhibits of the Art Gallery at the World's Fair.

To breakfast or dine with the Brothers Black in their quaint, picturesque house, surrounded by lime trees, overlooking all the "other side" of Paris, replete with the most curious old carved oak, bric-à-brac, faience, objets d'art of all kinds and conditions, and waited upon by "Leon" in his spotless linen blouse and tableur, and his carved Brittany sabots, is an experience of the most delightful order, and one not easily to be forgotten.

Everyone is delighted at the reconciliation brought about the other day, through Lord Rosebery's influence, of those two old friends, H. R. H. and Lord Randy Churchill, and no one more so than beautiful Lady Randolph herself, who, notwithstanding the coolness of years between her husband and the Prince, has always been a first favorite at Marlborough House. The strained relations between these two old friends were happily relieved during a visit at the Durdons, one of Lord Rosebery's many country homes, last week. The coolness arose naturally some ten years ago, at the time of the late Duke of Marlborough's divorce —he being the Marquis of Blandford then— owing to H. R. H. espousing Lady Aylesford's cause. Formerly he and the Duke had been the closest friends, and it was a matter of real regret to the Prince that the intimacy had to come to an end. For the present Duchess he has always expressed the utmost respect and admiration. The Duke of Marlborough's posthumous article, by the bye, on which he was engaged at the time of his death, will shortly be published in Mr. Frank Harris's organ, The Fortnightly Review. It is a treatise on the Best Life to Live, a subject always of deep interest to the Duke, and is a bold vindication, written clearly and concisely, of his peculiar views on the matter. It is bucolic happiness versus that of the higher education, and rather bitterly insistant on the greater claims of the former. It is certain to meet with the deepest interest by all those to whom the well-known initial "M" was so familiar, and so sure to indicate matter worth reading.

I remember once hearing several remarks of the Duke's at a dinner party, on the subject of woman's position and influence, which were scarcely what one would have expected from him. Woman's intellect, he maintained, was fully equal to man's, her judgment often better, while as adviser at all times she surpassed man. "I owe my best inspirations to one woman," he concluded, "and can never cease to be grateful to her." And how at least he valued his wife's influence and intellect has been shown plainly in the matter and manner of his will. Even the provision of the much discussed £20,000, left to Lady Colin Campbell, was, so it is asserted, done with the Duchess's knowledge and approval. Lady Colin, by the way, takes her stroke of good fortune very calmly and all the more so now that there seems every prospect of her realizing the money, since several of the Duke's late investments are turning up trumps after all.

Of course the topic of the moment is the awful death at New Orleans under such miserable circumstances of Mr. Abington Baird. He was never "received" in London, although his name was almost a household synonym for fabulous wealth, fabulous extravagance and reckless gratification in every pleasure of the hour. I have it on good authority that a check for £17,000 was his good-by gift to a certain fair lady, to whom not long ago he gave "the pick of his racing stable," and to whom a check of several thousands more was also paid over, not many months ago, the two making a tidy little fortune of something like £40,000 by themselves! Every one is on the tip-toe of expectation as to the contents of Mr. Baird's will; but the real truth concerning it will not be known until Saturday next, when according to Scotch custom it will be opened and read after the funeral, which will take place that day at Stiehel, N. B. Mrs. Langtry is believed to benefit largely under its provisions. If this be so, the "Jersey Lily," what with her former perquisites will be one of the richest women of the day.

Diane.

April 1, 1893.

VANITY FAIR

IT is wonderful to note the change a clever architect has made in an old-fashioned, prosaic New York house which seemed hopelessly commonplace. The house in question is one of the kind known as an "English basement" and had the usual narrow hallway and long reception-room. The partition separating the two has now been torn down and one enters from the arched portal with outer and inner doors a large square hall. The walls of roughened plaster are painted in dull Pompeiian red, with a frieze eighteen inches deep of pale blue relieved with arabesques and scrolls of dead gold. The floor is of red glazed English tiles and makes a capital background for the old rugs in dull blues, reds and yellows that are laid upon it. The large window, that of the former reception-room, is richly framed in carved oak, and is of stained glass showing an elaborately designed interlacing pattern studded with jewels, the whole a blending of rich coloring in harmonious tones, wrought in mosaic with opalescent glass. A low bench of carved and polished oak, cushioned in dark red velvet runs along the walls on two sides of the hall. Opposite the entrance two broad steps, almost the width of the hall, lead to a platform or middle room beyond which is the dining-room. At the foot of these steps in the hall are two bronze figures on pedestals, one on each side, upholding branches of electric lights hidden behind red globes. The staircase leading to the library and drawing-rooms above starts from the middle room and is of white enameled wood, richly balustraded and gracefully turned, on a landing screened in white and gold lattice work. Heavy portières of golden brown velvet, looped back on either side with gold cords, drape the broad

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archway leading to the dining-room. This room is of large and lofty dimensions, wainscoted in dark oak, hung with Spanish leather and furnished with corresponding richness. The chief characteristic of the room is the little conservatory opposite the arch and continuing the vista seen through the entrance door of the house. It is like a glimpse of fairy-land on entering to see through hall, archway and dining-room the flowering plants, tall palms and clinging vines growing in the sunshine under the dome of glass and giving out fragrance, beauty and pleasure to all who enter the house.

At a dinner given one evening recently, the hostess wore a Parisian gown of white satin, the skirt made bell shape, and with a delicate embroidery in gold running up each seam. The bodice of white satin was short-waisted and had a drapery of jonquil velvet passing from under each arm and knotted together in the middle of the bust. The short balloon sleeves were of jonquil velvet, and they and the drapery were partially hidden by a deep bertha of old Flemish point lace. A golden dagger, with hilt encrusted with diamonds, was passed through her dark hair at the back.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

Page 273.—A charming tea gown of brocaded silk, showing bouquets of wild flowers strewn over an ivory white surface. It is made en princesse and fits tightly to the figure. Where it opens in the front the edges are defined by a piping or binding of black velvet. The under-dress is of ivory white crêpe de Chine, the corsage is crossed over the bust and disappears under a wide belt of black velvet. The skirt is laid in plaits, and there is a collar of black velvet.

Page 274.—The young woman at the table wears a morning robe of pale lilac cashmere made en princesse, and trimmed at the neck and sleeves with ruffles of chiffon of the same color.

Page 269.—A gown of soft wool, showing a tartan plaid in subdued colors of brown and amber with lines of sea blue, is worn by the figure in the foreground. Her cloak is of brown vicuna cloth lined with shot silk in tones of sea blue and amber, and has a brown velvet collar over which falls a frill of écru guipure. The hat is of the wide-brimmed undulating sort, and is of brown straw trimmed about the edge with a frill of amber-colored chiffon. A band of blue and amber shot velvet encircles the brim, and there is a Prince of Wales plume in brown feathers. The figure stepping into the carriage wears a gown of mignonnette-striped crêpon. Narrow ruches of the same trim the skirt. The hat has a pointed brim in front, and is made of mignonnette crêpe with a crown of velvet. The cloak is of green velvet trimmed with feather edging.

Page 280.—The dainty pocket handkerchiefs forming a frame to the picture of the Spanish maiden are all that are newest and most attractive. It will be seen that lace as a trimming is again in vogue for handkerchiefs in daily use, and is put on either plain or full according to taste. Embroidered ruffles in the finest French work edge many of them and hemstitched borders show delightful handwork in the corners and over the hems. Sometimes the colored pocket handkerchiefs, notably the pink and blue linen cambric ones, are bordered with narrow black lace, which is very effective.

The charming figure on the balcony wears a simple gown of pale gray crêpe with Spanish jacket of scarlet silk striped with black velvet. The vest and high collar are of scarlet silk embroidered in jet. The puffed sleeves are of the striped material and meet tight elbow sleeves of black velvet. The revers to the jacket and the elbow caps are of gray bengaline matching the color of the gown. A high jet comb and a red rose are worn in the hair, and the earrings are of red coral.

Page 271.—This exquisite evening gown has a skirt of shell pink satin made with a train which falls in rich folds from the waist at the back. The front breadths are without fullness, and there is no trimming upon it. The low-necked corsage is of old rose velvet folded over and fastening at the side. The sleeves, with their large puffs, are of pink mousseline de soie and droop to the elbow. There is a wide bertha of mousseline de soie composed of two ruffles one upon the other laid in fine plaits. Two knots of old rose velvet are to be seen in the front of the corsage and a large bow of the same on each shoulder. At the waist line on the left is a looped bow and long ends of the velvet, and a knot of the same on the right side. Long gloves reaching the sleeves above the elbow are worn with this costume.

Page 270.—Full skirt of embroidered India mull over a white satin slip. The quaint corsage is of white and gold brocade made on a point in the back, and with a stiffened frill of the same around the bottom. It is cut round in the neck and has a deep frill of point lace as a trimming. Ruffles of the same fall from the elbow sleeves. The hair is dressed high and has a tuft of gold-colored feathers on the knot and a diamond star at the side.

The young man wears an evening suit of black vicuna cloth which has a little roughness of service. The lapels of the coat are turned back with silk.

Pages 274, 275.—"The maiden in the pretty frock" wears a shepherdess costume extremely appropriate for a fancy ball. Over a skirt of pink India silk is another of pink gauze, made very full, and gathered to the bodice. Above these is a looped-up skirt of pale blue silk, very bouffant on the hips. The pointed bodice is of black velvet. It is low in the neck, cut square, and bordered by a full frill of pink gauze. The elbow sleeves are of blue silk trimmed with deep ruffles of the pink gauze. The wide brimmed straw hat is trimmed with shaded pink roses, of which there are a profusion. The crook is of white enameled wood tied with pink and blue ribbons. The stockings are of the palest blue tint, and the slippers, of pale blue suede, are trimmed with a tiny rosette of pink satin ribbon.

Page 272.—The contrast here shown between the costumes of 1863 and 1893 is so much to the advantage of the latter that it may be hoped our arbiters of fashion will pause before condemning us to the appalling ugliness of the former. The figure representing '93 wears a gown of sage-colored crêpon with gored skirt sloping slightly outward, and trimmed with two rows of black satin ruching placed at some distance apart. The yoke and lower sleeves are of the crêpon, while the corsage and puffs of the upper sleeves are of sage green velvet. The cape is of black satin lined with pink velvet. It has a deep ruffle of black guipure lace, and a collar of curled ostrich feathers. The hat, of pink straw, is lined with black velvet, and trimmed with sage green feathers and black satin loops.

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HORSE NOTES

IT was announced last week that Mr. Cooper, who a short time ago purchased the Leland House, Chicago, proposes to run a magnificent line of coaches to the World's Fair. A new style of coach has been bought, capable of carrying forty persons, and all of the drivers are men who have had years of experience in the art of handling the ribbons on the narrow trails of the Rocky Mountains. Many points of interest will be passed on the road, and a guard on each coach will describe them.

Trainer Budd Doble has sold the double team Reina and Betty Brown to Charles Reed, of Erie, Pa., for $20,000. Mr. Reed will remain in this city during the summer and will drive the pair on the road. Should there be any prizes offered at Fleetwood Park for double teams, Mr. Reed will give the pair a chance to show their speed in company.

The entries for the four stakes, additional to those for two, three and four-year-olds, to be trotted at Fleetwood Park in September, closed last week, and all that will now be needed to make the meeting a success is fair weather and a good attendance. In the $5,000 free-for-all trotting race eight good campaigners are named: Martha Wilkes, 2.08; Walter E., 2.11¾; Regal Wilkes, 2.11¾; Little Albert, 2.10¼; Greenleaf, 2.10½; Geneva, 2.14; the Californian, Directum, 2.11¼, and Lord Clinton.

Frederick Gebhard and C. W. Aby, who has managed Mr. Gebhard's California ranch since 1888, have been at loggerheads for some time past, and their war of words is likely to be aired in a court of justice before many weeks have passed. In 1888 Mr. Gebhard bought a ranch in Lake county, California, and has since devoted it to thoroughbred stock boarding. Guenoc, as the place was named, adjoins the ranches of Mrs. Langtry and "Lucky" Baldwin, and is said to be worth $100,000. Mr. Aby's financial management of the place did not suit the club man, and he had the books of the establishment examined by an expert accountant. The accountings, Mr. Gebhard claims, were "jumbled" and did not show how certain sums of money, sent by Mr. Gebhard, had been expended, nor why Mr. Aby had sold certain valuable fillies which he had not accounted for, without being authorized to do so. While speaking about the matter a few days ago, Mr. Gebhard said: "I have brought suit against Mr. Aby for very large sums of money which he has received from me, and for which he has not accounted, and I may possibly take other steps when I go to California."

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, April 22d.—Wedding. Miss Marie Havemeyer and Mr. Perry Tiffany.

Monday, April 24th.—Reception 4 P. M. Mrs. Edwin Stevens, Castle Point, Hoboken.

Matinée, Mme. Duse, Fifth Avenue Theatre. Benefit "Summer Rest Society."

Italian Hospital and Columbus Monument Fund, 2 P. M.

Tuesday, April 25th.—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan at home Tuesday evening.

Japanese Tea and Sale at Mrs. Jonathan Thorne's, 28 East Forty-ninth Street. Benefit St. Mary's Free Hospital.

Wednesday, April 26th.—Mrs. George Bird, 27 West Thirty-third street. Reception, 4 to 7.

Meeting Knickerbocker Bowling Club, 216 West Fourteenth Street, 3 to 6.

Thursday, April 27th.—Meeting Thursday Sewing Class. Mrs. Archibald Alexander, Castle Point, Hoboken.

Naval Parade.

Thursday evening Grand Ball, Madison Square Garden.

Friday, April 28th.—Shore Parade.

Banquet, 8 P. M. Given to the Officers of the combined Fleet, by the Chamber of Commerce.

Saturday, April, 29th.—Wedding. Miss Sarah Nicoll to Mr. Justus Ruperti. Church of the Heavenly Rest, 3 P. M.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York S. S. La Gascogne, April 15, 1893, Mr. Henry Bishop, Mrs. Henry Bishop, Mrs. E. Eldridge, Mr. J. Rutgers Le Roy.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Saale, April 15, 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Corning, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Miller, Mrs. Charles W. Parker, Miss Mary Parker.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Havel, April 11, 1893. Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Barbey, Miss Barbey, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hoffman, Col. and Mrs. Addison Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Voss.

Arrived in New York S. S. Majestic, April 13, 1893. Mr. W. P. Alexander, Mr. S. Bramwell, Mrs. Bramwell, Mrs. Dawson, Miss H. N. Lawrence, Mr. J. L. Lawrence, Mr. A. D. Murray, Mr. Graeme Stewart, Mr. P. Stewart.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Werra, April 5, 1893. Mr. Bishop, Mr. N. E. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Emerson, Mr. H. Farnsworth, Admiral Luce, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Wilson.

RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

MONDAY

Mrs. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street.

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.

Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.

Mrs. F. M. Barr, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., 17 East Forty-seventh Street.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Whiting, 382 Fifth Avenue.

The Misses Babcock, 636 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.

Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.

Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Forty-sixth Street.

Mrs. George T. Adee, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

THURSDAY

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.

Mrs. John Pomeroy Townsend, 53 East Fifty-fourth Street.

Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 192 Madison Avenue.

FRIDAY

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. John G. Davis, 24 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Fordyce D. Barker, 36 West Fifty-first Street.

Mrs. John W. Minturn, 22 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.

MARRIED

CRAVEN—MARTIN—On April 18, at Grace Church, the Right Reverend Bishop of New York and Dr. Wm. R. Huntington officiating, the Earl of Craven to Cornelia Martin, only daughter of Bradley Martin.

HOPPIN—COWDIN—On Saturday, April 15, 1893, at the Church of the Ascension, by the Right Reverend, the Bishop of New York, assisted by the Rev. Gouverneur Morris Wilkins, and the Rev. Epiphanius Wilson, rector of St. Mark's Church, New Castle, N. Y., Hamilton Louis Hoppin and Alice, daughter of the late Elliot C. Cowdin, Esq.

DIED

DE MEZA.—At Lakewood, April 12th, Wilson de Meza, in the 38th year of his age.

Funeral from Waldcroft, cottage of the late Dr. Stone, Lakewood, Friday afternoon.

OGDEN.—Suddenly, of heart failure, at her residence, No. 9 East Thirty-fifth Street, New York City, on Tuesday evening, April 11, 1893, Mary Clarke, widow of John D. Ogden and daughter of the late Clement C. Moore.

Funeral services, Calvary Church, Twenty-first Street and Fourth Avenue, Friday morning, April 14th.

RODGERS.—On Wednesday morning at her residence, Emily Hosack, widow of John Kearney Rodgers, M.D., and daughter of the late David Hosack, M.D.

Funeral services, St. John's Chapel, Trinity Parish, Varick Street, Friday, 14th inst.

SMITH.—On Thursday, April 13th, at her residence, Nissequogue, Amanda M. Mills, wife of Edmund Thomas Smith and daughter of the late William Wickham Mills.

Funeral services at St. James's Church, St. James, Sunday, 12 M.

WEYMAN.—On Thursday evening, April 13, 1893, of apoplexy, at his residence, No. 18 West Thirty-third Street, Charles S. Weyman, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Funeral services at Trinity Chapel, Twenty-fifth Street, near Broadway, on Monday morning, April 17th.

THE report of the "London Lancet" commissioners on the state of the purity of Chicago's water is not very comforting to intending visitors to the World's Fair, but there need be no anxiety about having a supply of good water if "Johannis" be included in their personal luggage.

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